BATTLE-FIELD HOSPITAL.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A LADY DURING THE WAR.

THE HORSE ARTILLERY

A Record of Exciting Scenes and Incidents—Why He Would Come—A Good Reason—As to Southern Histories.

In giving her experience with the wounded on the battle-field, Kate McVicar, in an article in the Winchester Times, says:

Among the wounded Lieutenant H. J. Nunn, of the Twenty-first North Carolina; his thigh was fractured; the surgeon said it was death to attempt to amputate the limb, and as they expected him to die, but little had been done for him. He lay on the ground with some straw under him, in Mr. Rutherford's yard, a short distance from the front gate, under a large shade tree. He could not turn or move himself. He complained so of the pain in his back from lying in one position, and said it hurt him worse than his wound.

Without knowing that Miss Russell had done the same act for another soldier the night before, I sat down on the ground and did what the tender heart of any girl would tell her to do, raised his head and laid it against my shoulder so that he could rest. In many letters received from him afterwards, and which I still have, he reverts to that time and the great relief from his pain it gave to him.

There were eight other Confederates lying on the ground. The two Federal soldiers died early in the night, and a blanket was thrown over them. The men left to care for them disappeared. Mr. Rutherford's family were completely exhausted, for they had had no rest for several nights, so we three did the best we could to alleviate the suffering of these poor southern boys—the most of them being from North Carolina.

After midnight young Jenkins came to me and told me that one of the men was dying. I laid Lieutenant Nunn down and went to the dying soldier, who lay just under a front window of the Rutherford house. He told me he was from the Sixth North Carolina, gave me the address of his family, and asked me to write them of his fate. I promised to do so. I sat down on the ground and raised his head, and he died in my arms. He was conscious to the last. Another of the same regiment died in a short time, but he was unconscious.

I went back to Lieutenant Nunn and for the greater part of the night held him in my arms to rest his back. I shall never forget that night, a bright, full moon flooding all that beautiful landscape, and the Blue Ridge stretching dark in the distance, the still, dead forms lying near us, the groans of the wounded around us. I was a very young girl then, but all the sorrows of humanity seemed to be surging around me, as waves of the ocean. I thought of the southern homes, where loving, tender hearts were waiting and praying for those men, the dead and dying, whom they would never see again. From an old note-book of mine I will copy some verses of that time, a time so full of terrible scenes that now it is hard to realize how we lived through them:

Will you look at this picture of the past?
A lawn with trees scattered around,
And a dozen brave men with mortal wounds
Are lying on the ground.
'Tis night, and the full moon is shining down,
But we heed not its silvery charms,
For we hear the death-groans of dying men,
As they breathe their last in our arms.
I smoothed back the hair from a boyish face,
That was once some woman's pride;
As I wiped the death-damp from his pallid brow,
Of his mother he murmured, and died.

Stamped forever on my brain by the dread seal of memory are the events of that Saturday night of July 24, 1864. Next morning ambulances were sent out and the seven Confederates still surviving were taken in town to the York Hospital, now Fairfax Hall. Of them I can only tell of one, Lieutenant Nunn. He was placed in a corner of one of the lower rooms in that building, and never moved from there until the following winter, when the hospital was broken up by command of the Federals. Miss Mary Kurtz remembers him well, as she was matron there during the time. When the hospital was disbanded he was laid on a mattress, still unable to move, and transferred to the Post Hospital, in Baltimore. There he remained until that was broken up in July following the surrender. Still utterly helpless, he was put on a train and started to his home, in Stokes county, N. C., where for several years he was helpless, and then, with the aid of a pair of crutches, he became able to move around some, but never recovered from the effects of his terrible wound. He had bitter cause to remember Winchester and Ramseur's disaster.

But to return to the events immediately following that. On the Sunday (July 25th) after these men were removed to town, the fight became general between Crook's and Early's forces, and by the middle of the afternoon the Confederates were again in possession of Winchester, and Crook in full retreat to Martinsburg, his dead and wounded left lying over the fields south of Winchester.

The next battle-field hospital I was in was at our own house, when on the night of the 19th of September, 1864, the Federals brought over fifty of their wounded to our home, after night, and, although our hearts were with our own southern wounded, lying scattered over the fields, yet our hands gave all the help possible to those we counted then as our enemies, and our tenderly caring for the Federal wounded that night brought its own reward, for the surgeon in charge reporting it to General Hancock, he gave orders that our family were to be protected, although he knew that my father and brother were with the southern army. And this same surgeon got a permit for me the next morning to go over to the Smithfield House, which was full of southern wounded.

But the terrible sights and scenes there and the fields around it would make another article, and this one is already long enough to tax the patience of the reader.

Let the young people of this generation be thankful that they never saw "a battle-field hospital."

Thompson and the Horse Artillery.

(Wytheville Enterprise.)

After Ashby had fallen back to Winchester, Thompson, accompanied by his cousin and a few friends, set out to scout near Smithfield; and, about a mile from the village, while William Thompson and himself were riding some distance in advance of the rest, they came suddenly upon two Yankees, whom they ordered to surrender.

Without replying, the Yankees fired, wounding William Thompson's horse and causing him to stop, but Jimmy dashed up to them and again demanded their surrender. One immediately gave up his arms, but the other refused. At this instant he saw that they were the advance guard of a company that was only a short distance behind, and knowing that his life depended upon haste, he a second time ordered the Yankee to surrender, and upon his refusing, and seeing him cocking his gun, Jimmy put his revolver to his head and blew out his brains, and then, making the other mount up behind him, galloped off amid a hail of bullets from the company. Finding that the enemy was fast gaining on them, his friends called to him to put his prisoner down, but on he flew, till at last, reaching a piece of woods, he told the rest to take one direction while he took another, and thus he would get off with his man. This they did, and he had the satisfaction of seeing the Yankees take the road in pursuit of his companions, while he was left to continue his way at his leisure. Striking through the country, he reached Ashby's headquarters several hours in advance of the rest, and being flushed with his first success in spilling Yankee blood, he conducted his prisoner to Ashby's tent, saying as he entered:

"Colonel, I have brought you a prisoner. There were two of them, but I only brought one along."

"Well, sir," said Ashby, "where is the other?"

"He wouldn't come, sir, and I shot him," was his laconic reply.

In November, Cadet Thompson assisted the celebrated Captain Chew in raising his battery of horse artillery, and was elected second lieutenant, and at Kernstown and the many engagements in which Ashby's command took a conspicuous part the thunder of his guns sent a thrill of terror to the heart of many a Yankee. Soon he became Ashby's "right-hand man," and wherever the black plume of the Valley Chieftain could be seen waving there could Thompson be found, ever ready to go into the charge or hurl his grape and canister into the ranks of the enemy. Ashby loved him as a brother, and when that noble hero fell none mourned him more deeply than Jimmy.

He was soon promoted to first lieutenant, and marched, in 1862, to join Stuart near Culpeper Courthouse. He was a magnificent horseman, and a splendid shot with the revolver, and woe to the Yankee that he drew a bead on. A striking proof of this came under my own personal observation, near Brandy Station, on the 14th of September, 1863, when Stuart fell back before the enemy to the Rapidan.

A section of his battery, commanded by himself, was sent to support our regiment (the Sixth Virginia Cavalry), which was hotly engaged. Thompson ran his guns within a few hundred yards of the enemy's line of skirmishers, and opened on them with canister, tearing wide gaps in their ranks, until they approached near enough to wound his horses and gunners. They were commanded by a daring officer, who led on his men regardless of the shells bursting around him. At this moment, Jimmy ordered his guns behind the hill, and our skirmish line advanced. Putting himself at their head, he rode towards the officer, who challenged him to combat.

Each began firing with their revolvers as they advanced, and at the third shot Thompson's unerring bullet did its work, and the officer fell from his horse, and was quickly borne off by his men, who halted on the death of their commander.

His coolness under fire was wonderful, and he never avoided danger himself, yet he disliked to expose needlessly his devoted men. His quickness in pointing out advantageous positions was most remarkable in an officer so young. He obeyed orders from his superior with the utmost exactness, no matter how much he was exposed in their execution.

In February, 1864, Captain Chew was promoted, and he succeeded to the command of the battery. At the cavalry fight at Trevillian's Station, while directing the firing of his guns, Captain Butler, of Hampton's command, rode up and said: "Captain, I want a gun put there," pointing to a certain position.

"General," replied Jimmy, "a gun could not stay there five minutes; every man and horse would be killed before it could get into position."

"Nevertheless, I want a gun put there, Captain!" said the General.

"Very well, sir; I shall do it," replied Thompson in a firm tone.

He conducted the gun to the spot in person, and sat on his horse by it while it opened fire. In less than five minutes, only one man of the nine working the gun remained unhurt, and three of them, his most intimate friends, were instantly killed. His natural taste for the horse and sabre gave him a preference for the cavalry, but the independence of the Horse Artillery, and the difficulty of being promoted in cavalry, induced him to remain in the former service, to which he was attached during the whole war, earning for himself especial distinction. He always accompanied the cavalry on their scouts and raids, and was frequently put in command of squadrons, and led them in charges. He was ever more mindful of the safety of others than of himself, and whenever his friend would remonstrate with him for exposing himself so recklessly, he exclaimed:

"Oh, the bullet that is to kill me has not been moulded yet."

His utter indifference to personal danger and his anxiety for others were strikingly shown in an engagement on the back road, near Fisher's Hill, on October, 1864.

General Rosser, with whom he was a great favorite, put Major Breathed and himself in command of the Clarke Cavalry and Orange Rangers, to act as advance guard. Near Tom's brook they overtook the rear guard of the enemy, composed of a picked battalion. Drawing their sabres, the gallant Breathed and himself called upon their men to "follow." The Clarke Cavalry was composed of men accustomed to do this, and their charge was irresistible. The enemy was in a road with high fences on both sides, which they had no time to pull down. Dashing into them with sabres, they pushed back the rear guard on the main body, and as they could not manoeuvre their men, the whole brigade, and, finally, the division, was driven in utter rout for three miles, until they came to an open space, where a fresh brigade of the enemy was drawn up to receive them. Breathed now ordered a halt, to reorganize his men, who had become much scattered, and sent to Rosser for reinforcements. Captain Brown, of the Fifth, was sent with his squadron to his support.

"Ride forward and give my compliments to Major Breathed and Captain Thompson, and tell them to push the enemy, but not sacrifice their men."

I shall never forget the appearance of these two officers as I delivered the order. Their sabres were dripping with blood, for I counted more than forty of the enemy strewn along the road killed or wounded with the sabre alone. They had dismounted some of their men, who were skirmishing with the enemy, strongly posted behind a fence. The firing was terrific, and the bullets from their sixteen shooters rained like hail around Thompson as he rode backwards and forwards along the line cheering the men and occasionally stopping to fire his revolver. His magnificent sorrel, "Ashby," covered with foam, prancing and rearing, rendered him a conspicuous mark, and the next moment the noble horse fell, mortally wounded. A private quickly offered him his, which he mounted. Being unaccustomed to such incessant fire, the animal plunged violently, and reared almost perpendicularly as Jimmy discharged his revolver. While thus poised in the air a bullet, evidently aimed at Thompson's heart, struck the horse full in the breast, killing him instantly.

At this moment Breathed ordered a charge. The enemy was driven back, but not without considerable loss on our side. Captain Morton, of the Rangers, was shot through the heart. Procuring another horse, Thompson again dashed into the enemy, followed by Color-Sergeant Ware, of his battery, and several of his men. Whilst endeavoring to reload his revolver, his brother, Pembroke, a cadet, not old enough to be in service, who was paying him a visit, rode up. Seeing him, Jimmy turned to Ware, and said:

"I don't like to see Pem here; as for myself, I don't care. I would never forgive myself if he were shot. He must be kept out of this hot fire; I could never meet mother if I let him stay here and be killed."

Then calling Pem, he told him to lend him his loaded pistol, and take his empty one and go behind the hill and reload it, and thus, in all probability, saved his brother's life by exposing his own.

School Histories and the Civil War.

(Danville Register.)

An excellent suggestion is made by the Chicago Times-Herald as to school histories and their treatment of the civil war. "Brings together," it says, "representative soldiers, educators, and statesmen of both North and South in conference on the subject." This body should be allowed to select a commission of experts, commanding the confidence of both sections, who should superintend the preparation of a new school history, designed in its treatment of the war period to do absolute justice, if that be possible, to both sides, or at least, to so handle the subject as to soothe the prejudices, extinguish hatreds, teach mutual respect, and, above all, to safeguard the future against the perpetuation of sectional passions.

That is a wise suggestion. We are anxious for some plan by which the one-sided histories of the war between the States should be abolished. It is bad enough to have one-sided and false history, calculated to arouse prejudices in the minds of youth, taught in northern schools, but it is still worse to have those same histories forced upon the children of the men, who are, by those so-called histories, branded as traitors.

The Springfield Republican, always a fair and liberal journal, referring to this matter, says:

"The injury sometimes done by school histories in perpetuating national or sectional prejudices cannot be overestimated. We well know the part school histories have played in keeping alive the American hatred in England. But it is infinitely more important that the North and South should be thoroughly reconciled, than that England and the United States should be. The North and South must live together under the same government, the same flag, and forever cherish the idea that the republic is one, and indivisible. The future is of more consequence than the past. The past is dead, the future liveth. We must build for the coming day, and the breaches must be hermetically sealed in the foundations of the national unity.

"Is it possible, then, to prepare a history which shall tell the facts, without arousing the passion of the southern youth, by branding General Lee and Stonewall Jackson as traitors? Cannot a history be written which shall do justice to the valor, the sincerity of both the combatants, which shall recognise the conflict as one of opposing civilizations, without harshly imputing blame to individuals who are the mere creatures of their governments, almost atoms in the great movements of the world's progress? Let such a history, above all, be written with the living future in mind, and leave the youth to form his prejudices, if he will, from the completer works, which he may turn to in his maturer years. Make the firt impression historically broad, and calm, so that the youth of South and North may ever after regard each other as brothers of one country, one flag."

VERY FINE ACTING.

A Smart April-Fool Joke Played at the Old Capital.

Williamsburg, Va., April 5, 1897.

Since the days of Hallom and his "Virginia Company of Comedians" at the "Old Theatre," near the Capitol, the people of the old 'burg have not been more highly amused than they were last April-Fool's-day, nor has anything happened that gave "the society denizens" more to gossip about. Members of the House of Burgesses, the guests of the Raleigh Tavern, gentlemen from city and country with flowing periwigs and enormous ruffles, wearing coats heavily embroidered with gold thread; graceful dames, with powdered hair, looped-back gowns, all glittering with gold and silver flowers, were wont to attend the "Old Theatre" and see the Virginia comedians act, and after the performance the stalwart cavaliers would repair to Apollo Hall, and, in vino veritas, discuss the merits of the comedy. But since those days, long agone, no event has caused more laughter than the well-planned and successfully executed joke witnessed here last week. Colonial Inn has risen in its beauty and symmetry, and has taken the place of the noted Raleigh, of blessed memory. At this modern, handsome hotel the plot of the April fool was laid, and thoroughly consummated, much to the delight of the guests of this charming resort, which is now much frequented by cultured people, particularly from the northern cities, who come and rest, as well as enjoy the comforts of Colonial Inn. During their sojourn here these guests visit the interesting historic places, and see the relics of "ye olden tyme" of Williamsburg and vicinity.

The people of this reunited Union owe an everlasting debt of gratitude to the Society for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, which is now attracting so much attention in Williamsburg and elsewhere. It was here that this society, a few years ago, was formed by a small band of noble, true, heroic ladies, who, 'midst many discouragements, persevered and overcame formidable obstacles, and now they rejoice that their society has acquired a national reputation, and is making rapid progress throughout the United States. In time a beautiful monument, we believe, will be erected in memory of these noble, patriotic ladies of Williamsburg, who first organized this splendid society.

By permission, I will attempt to tell this April-fool joke. The perpetrators as well as the victims were astonished as well as completely fooled and enjoyed the whole affair.

Mrs. Sallie Peachy Spencer, of Colonial Inn, at all times bright and brimful of fun, most ably assisted by her friend, Mrs. Nannie Wise Mayo, some weeks ago, planned a joke upon the genial Jack Spencer, her husband, and also upon Rev. Mr. Roberts, the able rector of Bruton parish church. Mrs. Spencer, arrayed in costly dress, and handsomely gotten up, acts the character of a rich invalid lady. Mrs. Van Wick, of Boston, seeking health in a southern clime, and, hearing of the attractions of Williamsburg as a health resort, and desirous of seeing the relics here, is accompanied by her typical "Yankee maid," Mrs. Mayo, with white apron on and costume befitting a veritable biddie of a wealthy northern lady.

As the hotel omnibus passes a noted house on Palace Green on its return from meeting the train, these smart ladies, the driver well posted, enter this omnibus and land at Colonial Inn, where the polite landlord receives the welcome guest and her maid, who are both well veiled, and with voices disguised, are taken care of by Mr. Spencer. The "invalid," as well as biddie, act their parts completely, and are shown the most attractive rooms, but biddie is cheeky and garrulous and very solicitous about her lady's health, and the landlord is much set back by the Yankee maid. "My lady" is pleased that there are electric bells, but threatens to leave the hotel, as she found no elevator there. But the ready and obliging Jack Spencer says: "Madame, we have old Virginia maids, residents here, strong and healthy, who will help you up and down the steps, and will make you generally comfortable." "Madame" is indignant at being carried to the third story, but Mr. Spencer says: "I will let you select rooms wherever you please and I am sure we will be able to please you in every respect, and our old Virginia, old-fashioned colored maid-servants will at all times render you any assistance." To which "my maid" listens attentively, now and then saying something pert to Mr. Spencer, which was not pleasant, but he had no idea of losing the "rich" guest.

So all was arranged, and "my lady" was left in her beautiful bed-chamber, and the landlord goes to his office, to be recalled in a few moments to the room by the "electric bell," and there he found his wife and her friend, Mrs. Mayo. The joke was perfect, and Mr. Spencer could hardly realize how it had been carried on so successfully. After awhile, "friends" are sent as messengers to the rector, who was informed that "a very wealthy lady from Boston, a good Episcopalian, was at Colonial Inn, and would be glad to meet the rector at the old church." She was informed that the old church would be opened in about an hour, and the rector would receive "my lady" there with very great pleasure." The multo-millionaire lady is shortly driven up in style to the old church, and there received by the zealous minister with distinguished courtesy, who takes great pleasure in showing her everything about the sacred edifice, telling its interesting history, all about its famous architect, etc, and the rich visitor is charmed, and listens with rapt emotion. But when our rector is told by this devoted Episcopalian "that it was her desire to contribute liberally of her ample means to this historic church," the rector (at all times willing and ready to do all in his power for the church) is delighted, and when told by the visitor "to make out a list of the necessities of this church and bring it to me at the hotel," Mr. Roberts was radiantly happy, and at the first opportunity he hastens to a store and purchases some nice, pretty notepaper on which to "make out a list of the necessities," as he had been requested to do by the "rich lady from Boston," who said "she would at once forward the same to her attorney" and the check would soon be forthcoming for the "money needed."

Oh, what a disappointed rector when he called at Colonial Inn "with a full list of the necessities" and to have another talk with the welcome and charming "Episcopal lady from Boston," to find the veil removed and the secret disclosed! Whereupon the devoted husband and the zealous rector consoled each other, and they both enjoyed the joke with the numerous friends of the city and the guests of Colonial Inn.

AMICUS.

GENERAL THOMAS SUMTER.

A Brother and Other Members of the Family Lived in Caldwell Co., N. C.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

I have recently read with much interest an article endeavoring to trace the family history of General Thomas Sumter, of Revolutionary fame. That article was written by Mr. R. A. Brock, of Richmond, and refers to a previous article by Hon. R. T. W. Duke, bearing upon the same subject. It is unfortunate that so few family papers have been preserved, and that the history of the Sumter family, like that of many others, is so meagre and uncertain. These family matters can at this late day probably be established only by tradition, which is always uncertain and conflicting. It sometimes happens that by one person's trying to correct the seeming mistakes of another the facts of history are brought out and established. It is in this hope that I give what follows:

We have a tradition in our section of country (Caldwell county, N. C.) handed down from one generation to another and in other ways substantiated, that conflicts with Colonel Duke's statement in several particulars. He states that the Sumter family moved from Virginia to Georgia some years before the Revolution; further, that none of the males of the family remained in Virginia. But a daughter remained, who married a Mr. Suddarth, and she died, leaving issue two sons—Richard and James Suddarth.

It is a well-established fact that this section of North Carolina was settled by emigrants from Virginia in their migrations westward. One of the pioneers among them was William Sumter. He came from Virginia some years before the Revolution and settled on the waters of Mulberry creek, then Burke county, now Caldwell county. He lived and died here, leaving one son, John Sumter, who married Amelia Miller. She was the daughter of Rev. Robert Johnson Miller, distinguished as a soldier in the Revolutionary war, and as an able pioneer minister after it. He was in the battles of Long Island, Brandywine, and White Plains, and came South with Washington when he made his famous move upon Cornwallis. John Sumter and Amelia Miller left one son, Robert, and two daughters, Mary Perkins and Caroline. Robert married and lived in Caldwell county till after the late war. He then removed to North Georgia, taking with him his wife and a large family of small children. Mary P. married Nelson A. Powell, of Caldwell county, who is still living. Though 82 years of age, he is in vigorous health. He is a man of fine intellect and high character. Caroline Sumter married a Mr. Haigler, and is still living in Caldwell county, though very infirm from age. From these two daughters of John Sumter have sprung a large family connection, George S. Powell, Esq., of Asheville, N. C., being one of them. They hold that their ancestor, William Sumter, was a brother of General Thomas Sumter. I can hardly think that a direct tradition in a family of such prominence can be erroneous. Furthermore, there is much evidence outside of the family to substantiate them. It is commonly known here, and attested by persons of other families contemporaneous with the Sumters, that William Sumter was a brother of General Sumter, and that the General used to come up from Camden to visit his brother in the mountains. On these visits he would bring his brother presents of clothing, &c., William Sumter being a poor man. Colonel Duke is, perhaps, correct in his statement that all the male members removed from Albemarle county, Va. But this one did not go to Georgia.

In the next place, did all of the male members of the family remove from Virginia? Tradition in the family of William Sumter says they did not; that one brother, John Sumter, remained in Virginia. Furthermore, a few years after the Revolution, Abraham Sudderth, as the name is now spelled, moved with his young wife Martha (Sumter) from about Culpeper, Va., and settled on Lower creek, in Caldwell county (then Burke county), N. C. Some few years later his brother-in-law, Henry Sumter, a single man, also came from Virginia, married a Miss Taylor, and settled down on lands between his brother-in-law and uncle, William Sumter.

Abraham Sudderth was a man of remarkable force of character and intelligence, and accumulated a large property, consisting of lands and negroes. For the first tract of land that he purchased he paid one sorrel horse, valued at $65, ten deerskins, and six bacon hams. The farm is still owned by his descendants, and is now valued at $5,000. He and his wife lived to be 85 and 80 years old, respectively, and lie buried in the Abraham Sudderth family burying-ground, on the place where they first settled. They left nine children and a host of grandchildren. Their descendants could now be counted by hundreds, and are scattered in many of the States. One of their daughters, Sarah Sudderth, visited her relatives in Virginia about 1830. While visiting her aunt, a Mrs. Sallie Richardson, in Fluvanna county, she met Archelaus Kent, whom she married. He subsequently (1834) sold his lands in Virginia and moved his family and negroes to North Carolina, and settled also in Caldwell county.

Henry Sumter is said to have been a man remarkable for his probity and upright Christian life. He claimed to be a nephew of General Thomas Sumter, of Camden, S. C., and also a nephew of William Sumter. He died without issue, leaving his property by bequest to the Sudderth children. There are many living witnesses who testify to his upright character, and that he was a nephew of General Thomas Sumter. One man who lived with him for six years as a laborer says he called him (General Sumter) uncle.

Mr. Charles M. Sudderth, now living in Caldwell county, is a grandson of Abraham Sudderth, and was reared in the home of Abraham Sudderth. He says he was a grown man before either his grandfather or Uncle Sumter died, and was with them both a great deal; that they originally came from about Culpeper, Va., and that there is no reason for any doubt about the relationship to General Thomas Sumter, he being an uncle of Henry Sumter and Martha Sudderth and a brother of William Sumter. He also says that General Sumter visited them; that hauling to and from Camden, S. C., in wagons was common in that day, and that many mountains wagoners made General Thomas Sumter's home their stopping place, the two families using that means of communication.

If this be true, General Sumter must have had a brother who remained in Virginia and left a family there. It is quite likely that he removed from Albemarle county and settled about Culpeper. Later these two of his children—Martha and Henry—removed to North Carolina. I visited Fluvanna county in 1891 for the purpose of tracing this family history, but could learn nothing of the Sudderth or Sumter families. I found a host of Kents, and learned that Archelaus Kent and wife, Sarah Sudderth, the time of their removal, and many other circumstances are well remembered there. I think if Mr. Brock or Colonel Duke can find the proper records they will discover that this brother, who stayed in Virginia, was named John Sumter, and that he served in the Continentals from Virginia. My evidence of this is not sufficient to warrant me in making more than merely a suggestion. I have no opportunity here to examine records.

I would be pleased to hear again from both of these gentlemen, either through the Dispatch or by private letter.

Lenoir, N. C. A. A. KENT, M. D.

A Charade.

(For the Dispach.)

While we have oft a FIRST to bear,
Whose burthen none with us can share,
The common FIRSTS of human life
Loving hearts may lighten,
And mutual sympathy and love
Our darkest hours may brighten.

But hearts of SECOND which refuse
To feel for others' woes;
And from appeals for kindly help
Seek refuge in repose,
Should be content when troubles come,
Peculiarly their own,
To bear the burthen of their FIRST
In silence and alone.

When on the deep, in blackest night,
Our ship is guided all aright;
When o'er the land and through the sea
The lightning currents flashing,
Or through the crowded city streets
The electric-car is dashing,
Men little think how much is due
For all of this, my WHOLE, to you.

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